



day and now the sun had set in a sullen cloud bank that lay low along the western horizon. The mist began to roll up from the sea and far below the rocky headlands the waves were dashing and breaking with a low, booming thunder. It gave promise of a wild, stormy night, fraught with danger for those abroad leep, and so thought a woman who

on the deep, and so thought a woman who opened the door of her little cottage on the shore and looked out into the gathering gloom.

She was a woman in whose face one read high resolve and strong purpose, with a light in her eye that told of a peace and joy that comes only from a hidden life within. She stepped back quickly into the tiny room and wrapping a shawl closely around her took in her hand a taper which was burning clearly in one corner, its steady glow shining out and lighting up the shadows.

"Come, little one, you and I have work to do while it is yet day and before the night cometh on."

Carrying the little light she went out into the fast-coming darkness, and as she closed the door behind her a sudden gust from the sea would have blown out the tiny flame but for her encircling hand. With head bent against the wind and holding the taper with firm hand she turned her face towards the ocean

and began climbing a rocky steep.

The little taper flickered and wavered, sometimes almost extinguished by the sharp wind and at last said in querulous tones: "Why do you take me out of my corner at home where I was burning with bright, steady light, serving you as faithfully as I knew how? Now you are taking me out into the night, by a way I know not, along new paths, and in a great darkness where my tiny glow must count as nothing. What can I amount to out in this wind and storm in my feebleness, my littleness?

But the woman made answer, "Fear not, little one, shine on; there is work for you beyond."

And so with wavering, flickering flame the little taper was carried on, up, up the winding, stony path to a point far above, where on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea stood a beacon, as yet dark and lifeless firmly it stood, unshaken by the wind, but its torch was black—there was no light there. Shielding the little taper from the rude assaults of the wind sweeping over this high bluff the woman held it close and laid its flame, tiny to be sure, but clear and warm, against the beacon. Instantly the torch was filled with life, a broad, ruddy flame sprang up, burning stronger, brighter, every moment; ascending high into the darkness above it, and sending out over the great waste of waters a glow of light that would mean cheer and safety to many a mariner struggling that night to bring his ship to its desired haven. No wind could put it out, no storm could overthrow it, and the light and the power had been brought by the tiny taper in the hand of the woman who knew the way and the work to be done.

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